THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. LIX.

During the progress of these papers, I receive, occasionally, a letter, a jog, or a hint, both from those who are friendly, and those who are hostile to this my lounging labour. Of these letters some serve admirably to fill up my vacant page, and of these rubs and hints some are useful to recall me when I wander, or to stimulate me, when I droop. I seldom have been encumbered, embarrassed, or annoyed by the lucubrations of those whose good pleasure it is to enlarge, or to diminish the influence of my miscellany. But I have my cares, and sometimes receive a communication, which *puts in requisition* all the Epicurean philosophy of the Saunters. The following letter caused me to demolish divers pipes, to give my snuff box to Sam Sniff, the tobacconist, to countermand an order, on a house in Havanna, for a box of Godfroid's prime çigars, and actually to abstain from a favourite indulgence during a whole evening. I now sit down with great complacency in my countenance, and with a çigar in my mouth, to arrange my thoughts upon the subject, and shall probably after having once more read the letter, and raised a thicker cloud of smoke, be able to see clearly how to extricate myself, and oblige my correspondent.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I am deputed by a large and respectable body of females, composed, for the most part, of newly married and young unmarried ladies, among the former of whom I proudly rank myself, to apply to you for redress of a grievance oppressive to us all. Having ineffectually exerted every other mean, in our power, to gain relief, we are now reduced to our last resource. We deferred making application to you until now, because we believed that even our feeble influence was adequate to the attainment of our object. But, alas! sir, we are disappointed, mortified, and humbled; disappointed in our expectations of success, mortified at the inefficacy of our schemes, and humbled at our own insignificance. To you then, as our only hope, we are compelled to resort; with you it remains to administer to our comfort.

We deem it necessary to state to you the gratitude we shall feel for any exertion you may make in our cause, confident that you need no other bribe, than the pure delight that springs from the performance of a meritorious deed. Should, however, the grievance of which we complain, baffle the weight of your authority, and the ingenuity of your skill, we must even calmly submit to our fate, and endeavour to console ourselves with the reflection that we have essayed to the utmost of our power to discountenance a practice at once offensive, idle and pernicious.

The practice, to which I allude, is that of using tobacco in any way, but particularly that of smoking, which is attended with consequences more offensive than that of chewing or snuffing. With regard to the practice of smoking, to say that it renders the breath not merely disagreeable, but absolutely disgusting, that it strongly impregnates the hair, the clothes, and, indeed, the very body of the smoker, and in addition to this, and upon the authority of physicians, that, except in some particular instances, it is injurious to the constitution, must be useless. But, perhaps, it may not be altogether needless to inform you, that it is not quite a miracle to meet with a young gentleman, in our city, a slave to the use of this weed in three different ways; at the same time, with a breath whose fragrance would vie with the stale scent of a rejected pipe, teeth that might almost excite the envy of a Chinese, and a nose and upper lip bearing no remote resemblance, in colour, to a pair of buckskin pantaloons.

It is a matter no less degrading than surprising, that our young gentlemen, who have visited the polite parts of Europe, in their proneness to imitation, should rather have fixed upon European follies and vices, than upon those habits and customs which mark their pre-eminence over the rest of the world. That, while with the scrutiny of a taylor, or coach-maker, they observe the cut of a coat, or the figure of a curricle, they should be perfectly careless of those forms of genuine decorum, and those traits of character which, while they impart a zest to social intercourse, reflect honour upon the character of a nation. To the honour of Europe, the odious custom of smoking has been banished polite society. It has been discovered there that the creation of every artificial want is but an addition to the misery of humanity, and that it is a dictate of sound philosophy, instead of creating artificial necessities, to endeavour even to abridge those which are incident to our nature.

Then, dear Mr. Saunter, unite with us in endeavouring to extirpate this vile and filthy habit. Tell the men, who declaim so loudly against the little follies and eccentricities of female fashions, that they should not expect to reform our manners, while they continue the slaves of a practice so disgusting. Tell them they should exhibit a glorious example of self-denial, and then their right to prescribe for us would be indisputable. Nay, if this prove ineffectual, tell them that I am invested with full power to negociate a treaty, to enter into any plan, scheme, or agreement, which they may deem best calculated to ensure propriety and decorum in female dress and manners, provided they will only consent to burn their snuff, tobacco, and çigar boxes, and promise to relinquish the use of the plant in every way, and exert themselves to explode it from our society.

This is a fair and honourable overture, and I cannot see how it can well be rejected. But should it meet with an unfavourable reception we shall then discover that the interest they have expressed in our welfare, is not quite so strong and pure as we had imagined.

EMILY.

This is truly an embarrassing epistle. I cannot, consistently, totally prohibit the use of tobacco, because in my desolate, vacant, and bachelor hours, it is pretty notorious that if a *blue*, or any other coloured devil, enter my room, I try, most manfully, to *smoke him out*. On the other hand, it is very grievous to feminine delicacy, a being of very acute perceptions and irritable temperament, to be assailed with the fume, which may emanate either from the breath or the clothes of a devotee to the Indian weed, who perhaps has pressed the lips of more than fifty brunette çigars, as a small testimony of the ardour of his love. However, I will strive to do justice to the injured and offended fair. In virtue, therefore, of my censorial power, with which I have been lawfully invested by the public, I straightway charge and command all concerned, to abstain, most rigorously, from the use of tobacco, in any form, for at least two hours, before they repair to any of those instructive and entertaining *symposiacs*, vulgarly called *tea-parties*, with which the tedium of a city life is, in this far-famed Philadelphia, so happily relieved. If any conscious smoker, sensible of the frequency and the enormity of his whiffs, feels any *compunctious visitings* of nature, let him, before he presume to approach the hallowed cheek of a belle, purify himself in an ocean of rose water, and let Lavender and Lemon, let Jonquil and Tuberose, let Myrrh and Frankincense, and all the fragrant powers be invoked to overcome, with their odour, Tobacco, that tyrant, who so often confines his slaves in a suffocating dungeon.

Having thus, in a tone somewhat magisterial, endeavoured to reform others, I shall finish this speculation by stipulating for myself, that, when the fair Emily shall become a widow, I will smoke but two çigars a day. This number will remind me of *two things*—the blessings of an alliance, and that *two are better than one*. Moreover, when that auspicious, propitious, and eagerly expected hour arrives, which shall so delightfully mingle my lot with that of the peerless Emily, or some other charmer, I promise, upon the faith of a cavalier and a gentleman, to abjure the use of tobacco for the space of one calendar month; or, in other words, during that rapturous, delectable, and never cloying season, the honey-moon, which, I reverently suppose, is called so from its luscious sweetness. In that season of love and luxury, Hymen's torch shall fiercely burn, and every çigar shall be extinct. I will break at once my pipes and my habits, and no incense shall arise, in my bed chamber, but the incense of the heart. Provided always and nevertheless, I be, afterwards, allowed, when clouds obscure the matrimonial sky, the free use of my conduct and my çigars, any thing to the contrary, in this paper, notwithstanding.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PROGRESS OF DEMOCRACY, No. 6.

Arrived at sovereign power in Great Britain and France, Democracy threw off the mask. No longer restrained by fear of legal authority, nor dread lest it should not succeed in its ambitious projects; and uncontrouled by the necessity of speaking in the language of freedom, and of assuming its attractive, chaste, and imposing garb, Democracy governed England and France with a lawless and tyrannic hand.

In all ages and countries there have been good men, who, seduced by the mildness and promising appearance assumed in the beginning, have favoured the introduction of Democracy; but the wicked alone have attended her through all the stages of her progress. Her first appearance prepossesses, her garb is modest, her manners simple, and the magic word liberty, whose attractive sound has deluded thousands, in all ages, is ever on her lips: but hypocrisy dwells in her bosom, her body is tainted with corruption, and her smile is the smile of deceit.

The usurpation of Cromwell was the result of democracy in England. That event is a full illustration of its character. To retrench the prerogatives of the Crown, and fortify the liberty of the subject, was the first step in its career; thus far, the wise and virtuous were engaged. But men are prone to error, and an error in legislation is a political crime. Such were the errors of Hambden. That the nation should no longer grovel in the dark, he kindled a flame, and held it to the constitution, that the King might see his way, and the people discern their rights; but the flame was too strong; it dazzled his own eyes, and scorched the constitution.

The cause for which Hambden fought was entitled the cause of the Constitution of England. But this splendid title page, this highly embellished appellation, did not change the object he was promoting; though the lustre of the name dazzled him, it was still the cause of democracy.

I have endeavoured, in some of my former numbers, to accompany its progress to the usurpation of Cromwell; but I thought it would be beneficial, and consume but little time, to recall the attention back to the measures it adopts in its infancy; in order to impress more strongly the danger a nation has to apprehend from the flattering and patriotic appearance it uniformly assumes at that period.

In France, the military government of Buonaparte, rigorous and expensive, is the sole compensation the nation has received for the murder of its Sovereign and his Queen, the principal among his noblesse, and the heads of the priesthood; for long and bloody wars, loss of treasure, subversion of religion, ruin of commerce and character abroad, and unexampled wretchedness at home! This man, who rules France with a rod of iron, who alone has profited by the wars and dissentions in Europe, and by the expulsion of the King, is a *foreigner* and *adventurer*, and who, in the commencement of the revolution, proffered his services to the Royal party. Where has that loyalty fled, which once characterised Frenchmen? Where that high minded pride, which made him more jealous of the honour of his Sovereign, than of his own fortune or life? France was once justly styled the seat of honour, politeness, and loyalty; her people revered their Kings, loved their Nobles, and respected themselves: but now they bow, in servile submission, to a usurper; they tremble at the frown of a foreigner; they dance around the mimic throne of the conqueror of their country.

America now demands our attention. The day may come, and if a change in the public sentiment, as well as in the policy that regulates our national affairs, should not soon take place, the day *will* come, when this new world, the hope of the rising generation, and the boast of freemen, will have to weep over the tomb of her lost liberty; and to lament the destruction of all those proud hopes that expand the bosom of Americans.

This is the moment to repair the mischief already done, and to prevent future misfortunes. When a contagion is permitted to spread and gain strength, it is vain that you strive to check it; it will take its course, and safety consists alone in flight. But attend to it in the beginning, apply medical aid before the disease becomes fixed, and you will effect a cure.

But there is one remark, which I deem worth making here, that arises from a view of the state of manners in this country, from public opinion, and from the constitution and laws of the United States; and which affords to my mind the greatest consolation, since it may retard the approach of that dreadful event in which the ruin of liberty, religion, and good government, is involved.

It will be remembered, by those who have read the histories of England and France, that Democracy appeared in its most formidable shape, and made the greatest strides towards swallowing up every thing like liberty and law, at the periods when those governments have been most arbitrary; when the manners of the chief men, and the state of the kingdoms, most strongly inclined towards monarchical principles; and when the Court was most lavish of the national treasure, and most dissolute. These circumstances strongly mark the reign of the first Charles, and of Lewis the 15th. Both countries had then arrived at great power and glory; and the Court in consequence of the splendour and popularity flowing from such a triumphant condition, indulged in luxury, and exercised excessive authority in church and state.

There are always to be found men, vigilant and active, upon the look-out for favourable moments to advance their fortunes; this period demagogues have chosen for their purposes, and they evince their sagacity. They tell the deluded people, that all the power, wealth, and glory of the nation, redound solely to the advantage of the Court; while they waste their blood and treasure, bear heavy taxes, and undergo innumerable hardships, the court and nobility reap the glory and profit. This language soon inflames a spirited nation; it is a firebrand that kindles the dullest spirits. But if the people had a share in the government, for at first they are moderate in their demands, if they were admitted to high offices, and had a portion in the glory acquired by their means, then should they fight the battles of their country without a murmur, and pay for the support of its government, for then would they partake in the advantages of its wealth, and in the glory of its conquests. Whether this be the language or not, used on such occasions, I presume it will be admitted, that it is in such times revolutions have begun, and Democracy gained strength.

From that consideration I infer, though my wishes may deceive me, and I may be deluded by the hope that my country is not doomed, in the infancy of its political career, to the miseries of democracy; that the simplicity of American manners, our republican form of government, the freedom of the people, and the greater equality of property that prevails here than in any other country, may preserve us for a longer period of time from such tragic scenes as have been acted beyond the Atlantic.

The same plausible story cannot be told in America, that has been current in other nations; for here the people have all power, the humblest citizen may become the most exalted, and rulers be reduced to private station. Taxes are levyed on all ranks alike, no order of men is more favoured than another, the honour and wealth of the nation profit the people equally with their governors; in short, a republican form of government, in which no titles nor privileges subsist, resembles Democracy more than a monarchical form does. As every extreme produces its opposite, an absolute monarchical government is more likely to create that form in which rank is destroyed, and the right of governing is divided among many, than a republic, resembling that of the United States, where the people, by their representatives, have all power lodged in their hands, and elect even the chief magistrate.

No change produced in the United States, by the arts of jacobins, can be so complete and violent, consequently not so ruinous in its effects, as a revolution from a monarchical to a democratic government. The people cannot be dazzled so much in the former, since the novelty is not so great, nor the hope from change so flattering, since they who get into power, under the new form, have already been powerful under the old.

But though these circumstances, peculiar to the United States, may retard the triumph of Democracy, they cannot check it; without a change of men and measures its domination will be complete—Already its principles have taken deep root among us, and direct the conduct of our rulers.

But in what respect this country has been benefited by the success of democratic principles, I confess my eye is not keen enough to discover.

That the political system of the present administration differs widely from the two former is most true; but that our character abroad, our tranquillity and happiness at home, and our commerce and power have increased, I am ignorant. Has the exalted reputation gained to to this country, by the high military character of General WASHINGTON, by his political wisdom, his integrity, and the unbounded affection of all ranks for his person, been surpassed and obscured by the parsimonious, timid, indecisive, and vague conduct of Mr. Jefferson? Or, have the prompt wise, and honest measures of MR. ADAMS procured less honour and solid good to America, than the forbearing, pacific, and philosophic comportment of our present executive, eminently evinced in the case of Louisiana, when the glory and interest of the Union were implicated, and the particular advantage, the trade, agriculture, and political existence of the whole western country were at stake?

But this subject is too copious for the bounds of a letter. Volumes of proofs might be written on the degeneracy of the American character and government, since the high ground on which WASHINGTON stood has been abandoned for the low, weak, and new made ground of our present rulers.

But I will leave this subject to an abler pen. The first and warmest wish of my heart is that my country may be saved from the severest scourge that Heaven, in its wrath, inflicts on a people—the reign of Democracy.

AURELIUS.

MISCELLANY.

J. LUZAC's ORATION,

ON THE CIVIC CHARACTER OF SOCRATES.

(Continued.)

I will not detain you, my hearers, with numerous testimonies, to confirm facts, which you may all easily ascertain from the same *Isocrates*, from Plato, and from the still higher authority of Aris-

totle; nor shall I detail at large the fruits which the Athenians gathered from this their delirium. The Peloponnesian war, that universal conflagration of all Greece, which Pericles, after accomplishing the ruin of that Areopagus so obnoxious to him, contrived from the most trivial, nay, from the most scandalous causes, to kindle. The all-devouring pestilence at the commencement of this war—its various turns of fortune—the unparalleled folly with which the Athenians, under the influence of the frantic demagogue Cleon, rejected the most advantageous terms of peace—the rash, ridiculous, and fatal expedition to Sicily—the fortification of Decelea—the downfall of the legitimate popular form of government, and its transformation into an Oligarchy of four hundred—the city of Athens besieged, famished, betrayed, taken, her walls demolished—the thirty tyrants, raging under the patronage and guidance of the Lacedemonians, with the deadliest persecution against the worthiest citizens;—and, finally, after Athens had been scourged with every species of calamity, the expulsion and slaughter of Critias, with his cruel associates, and the glorious restoration of the republic by Thrasybulus, who is there so ignorant, as not to be familiar with all these events?

Not one of the antient writers imputes the original source of all these evils to any other cause than the unbridled licentiousness of the people. Of all these evils Socrates was a specator and witness. It would be difficult to find in the history of any nation, so many and such heavy calamities crowded into the compass of a few years: it is therefore worth while to inquire, what, amid such frequent, sudden, various, and violent revolutions of the republic, to inquire, I say, what was the conduct of Socrates, *as a citizen*. You will confess with me, that if there be faith in history, Socrates, who by the aid of temperance and abstinence, preserved his health amidst the most cruel ravages of the plague, surrounded by the innumerable carcases of the daily thousands who fell its victims, by a similar discipline and sobriety of mind, alike preserved himself, and he *alone*, pure and untainted with the infection of that mortal pestilence, which had spread universal contagion over the minds of all the other Athenians.

It is impossible for any man born with a generous disposition, to consider slavery as consistent with the ends for which a Supreme Being created the human race. Hence, every such person must necessarily prefer a popular constitution to any other form of government; and must wish it as completely popular as it can be formed upon the principles by which nations *must* be governed. These are various and different, according to the character of the nation, the extent of their territory, the measure of their wealth, and other similar causes. Every wise and good man, inheriting from his ancestors a country uncumbered with royalty, or with the dominion of a few powerful men, is bound, even at the hazard of his life, by all the means in his power, to defend, to preserve, and to strengthen that freedom. Such was Socrates, whose attachment to the principles of a free government, *Diogenes Laertius* ascribes to the firmness and vigour of his mind, as Xenophon infers his predilection for popular liberty, from his expansive humanity. Yet Socrates knew full well, and openly censured the vices both of his fellow-citizens and of their constitution; especially those which prevailed in the decline of the republic. With Isocrates and others of the more reflecting citizens, he pronounced those laws, extorted, as we have before observed, from Aristides, to be mere madness; pernicious in the highest degree to the public welfare. "Who would ever think, (said he) of drawing lots for a mason to build his house, or for a pilot to steer his ship? Instead of trusting to chance, would not every one look out for the most *skilful* man of the trade? Yet so it is in this our city, that *a bean** dispenses the most important trusts in our commonwealth; as if mismanagement in the administration of a nation's affairs, were less dangerous than in building a house, or conveying a ship into harbour."

This misfortune of being governed by men altogether incapable, upon whom, of course, the lot often falls, was aggravated by the peculiar character of the nation, which was such as most urgently needed a prudent and able guide. On the one hand indeed, they were a mild, humane, elegant, hospitable people, and sometimes swayed by a perfect sense of justice; yet on the other, they are justly delineated by Axischus and the other Attic writers, as ungrateful to the most eminent services, envious against every man illustrious for virtue or any other accomplishment, fastidious, fickle, and full of levity. A most conspicuous proof of this levity appeared in their undertaking the Sicilian expedition in the midst of the Peloponnesian war. Thucydides, an unexceptionable authority, tells us that very few of the Athenians knew either the size of the island, or the immense numbers of its inhabitants, whether of Greek or barbarian origin. They were ignorant that this new war which they were commencing by the voyage to Sicily, was no less formidable than that in which they were already engaged against the Peloponnesians. Yet, by the influence and advice of Alcibiades, this expedition to Sicily was approved, decreed, and undertaken! And what, my hearers, was its issue? what? why just what Socrates had foreseen and foretold—most fatal. The Athenians, always agitated by an insatiable ambition of domineering over other free nations, had been inflamed, even during the life of Pericles, with the desire of subjecting Sicily. Alcibiades, after the death of his uncle, flattering himself with unbounded hopes of wealth, power and glory, from the enterprise, and in the dreams of imagination, building upon the conquest of Sicily, the most extravagant projects of subduing successively the Carthaginians, Africans, and remotest Lybians, continually fanned the flame of this ambition. While the son of Clinias, born for the ruin of his country, was promising in pompous declamations all these successes, what was the conduct of the Athenian people? Hark! You hear the thundering applauses of the young! Look! you see those of mature age elated with the same hopes! Observe how the madness increases with increasing age! See the old men, idly seated round the squares, streets, and market places, telling wonders about that island, and its prodigious advantages; tracing with a staff upon the sand, the figure of Sicily, the situation of Africa, and of Carthage, without ever having seen so much as upon a map these their imaginary conquests!—But what was the conduct of Socrates amongst these strange vagaries of a brain-sick people? That Nicias, a man conspicuous for military talents, and for skill as a statesman, should steadily and forcibly dissuade them from this rash and perilous expedition, is not surprising: But what was the course of our philosopher? What, my hearers? It was to employ his customary divination, the magic of a sagacious mind; he predicted to the Athenians that they would derive no benefit from their Sicilian armament—he knew that the fruits of an unjust war, could be no other than bitter and destructive—he struggled therefore to the utmost of his power against the ill-advised will of his fellow-citizens: But he observed more moderation in opposition, than the famous astronomer Meton, and did not go the length of setting fire to his own house.

A sober and prudent man, indeed, while he refuses to share the frenzy of the people, will be cautious not to run into another extreme of madness; nor will he indulge resentment against *them*. Here, let Socrates again be our model. No man ever more tenderly loved his country—none ever extended towards his fellow-citizens a more enlarged benevolence—none ever delighted more in his native soil—he never left Athens, but for his military campaigns—never travelled, not even to visit other nations and countries! not even to attend the holy festivals at which all Greece was wont to assemble—excepting once, that he attended the Isthmic games. In that age, other men, distinguished by their philosophical or literary accomplishments, made it a practice to visit foreign princes, and powerful or wealthy nobles; not without some reference to views of private emolument. This was done, not only by Aristippus, the votary of pleasure, but by Euripides and Plato, the friends and intimates of Socrates. *He*, however, rejected the highly advantageous proposals of Scopas and Eurylochus, men of great wealth; and as Hippocrates, the father of the healing art, a man in many respects like Socrates, at a later period refused the solications of Artaxerxes, king of Persia; so Socrates, the man whose *freedom*, as Seneca somewhere says, *even a free city could not tolerate*, declined the invitations of Archelaus king of Macedon, from the unalterable resolution never to place himself in a state of voluntary servitude.

I have said, that no man was ever more affectionately attached to his fellow-citizens, notwithstanding their character was such as I have described. Convinced as he was, that the most wretched of all conditions, was that of a man administering the affairs of such a republic, and living subject to the caprices of such a people, now spurred on by their applause, and now buffeted with their hisses; at one moment condemned to fines, exile or death, and the next recalled or lamented with tears of anguish; still did he consider himself as a gift of the divinity to them, for their improvement and instruction, "Athenians, (says he, in his *Apology* by Plato) it is not I, but you yourselves, who will stand in need of vindication, if by condemning me you offend the Deity, and cast away the gift of God himself. Put me to death, and you will not easily replace me.—Yes, ridiculous as you may think it, I say again, you will not find another man, given you by God, to serve you, as the spur to a generous and spirited courser, whom these very qualities, render restive and disobedient to the rein. Such is my office. Not an hour of the day, not an individual among you, but has witnessed my exhortations, my admonitions, and even when the occasion has required, my reproof."

(*To be continued.*)

[The following memoir of Mr. Mackintosh, an elegant scholar and a profound jurist, is extracted from the Charleston Courier. The author of this ingenious article of biography appears perfectly well informed, and describes with the accuracy of an eye witness, the fine qualities of a good and accomplished man. It gives the Editor, at all times, a very sensible pleasure to have an opportunity of publishing anecdotes of public characters of an etherial and generous spirit. Mr. Mackintosh is particularly entitled to attention, for his genius, his eloquence, and his admiration and imitation of Burke. It has been often observed that an enthusiastic attachment for an illustrious character is generally accompanied by an eager desire to be like him; and the *similis simili gaudet* is fully applicable to the subject of the ensuing article.]

Mr. MACKINTOSH.

This gentleman, who by his Speech in defence of poor Peitier against that usurper and despot, Bonaparte, has so considerably added to his high reputation as a man of genius, elo-

* Their manner of drawing lots was with beans.

quence and virtue, is, though yet young, the same who distinguished himself in the year 1791, by his answer to Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolution of France, under the title of "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*." Early exercised in the study of the Greek and Latin authors, and in the contemplation of the historians and philosophers who have handed down to us the constitutional laws of the Grecian and Roman republics, he was fired with an attachment to republican freedom; and in common with many wise and good, and much elder men, rejoiced at the emancipation (as it was then thought) of the French from despotism. The natural ardour of a youthful mind sublimed those feelings to something approaching to enthusiasm.—Nor can this well be wondered at, when it is recollected that Mr. Dundas, now Lord Melville, being in common with the ministers of that day severely censured by Mr. Fox for hastily precipitating the nation into war with France, declared that so far from being to blame in that respect he felt that they were in some sort censurable for not perceiving the necessity of war before—"But I candidly confess (said he) that I and my friends did at first, and for some time, look upon the change in France with a favourable eye, as likely to better the condition of twenty-seven millions of people. But unfortunately we were mistaken, almost all men were mistaken too—it belonged to one great and illuminated mind alone (Burke) to perceive, from the very beginning of it, the horrible mischiefs that lurked beneath its flattering appearances, and to discern in it the germ of all those evils and abominations, which I hope and believe we all lament, and now too late deplore."

Who then can blame a youth so circumstanced, and so deeply imbued with the spirit of ancient republican freedom, for running, in his fleet career, on that side of the question? Of course, the majority of the learned and wise dissented from the principles, but all concurred in admiring the genius of the man who had written the book. Considering his time of life, it must ever be looked upon as an extraordinary production. Almost a model in its way. What rarely happens with the works of young men, it bears throughout strong indications of modesty; and though he sometimes discloses perhaps too warm indignation against the old gentleman, it is evidently the indignation of high opinion, disappointed and chagrined, and in many parts of it, it breathes respect and affection for Mr. Burk. When he comes to comment on that part of "the Reflections," where that great man says, "Grand swelling sentiments of liberty I am sure I do not despise"—"Old as I am I still read the fine raptures of Lucan and Corneille with pleasure," Mackintosh, in a strain of that pious enthusiasm and veneration with which he had been, even from a boy, accustomed to view Mr. Burke, bursts out, "Long may that virtuous and venerable sage enjoy such pleasures." No one was more forward than that great man himself to do justice to the merits and ingenuity of the work; even in the House of Commons, once speaking of those who had attacked him, he closed with the names of Mr. Macauley and Mr. Mackintosh, and said, "of the latter of whom, it is my duty in candor to declare, that he has attacked me in the language of a scholar and a gentleman."

Such a mind as Mackintosh's was not likely to remain long under such a black cloud of error. The proceedings in France every day opened on him some new light to truth, his admiration changed to distrust, his distrust to abhorrence; but he did not cease to think that the war was unjust and unnecessary, and he joined in principles Mr. Fox, or rather Mr. Sheridan, for it would be biting satire to attribute to Mr. Fox the merit of having any principles at all.

His extreme addiction to study retarded for awhile his advancement at the bar, and his spirit forbid him to be a brief-hunter. It was feared too, that his eloquence would not be fitted for the bar, and from his friends he received many kind hints upon the subject. Once he was employed as counsel at a committee of the House of Commons appointed to decide a contested election. Mr. Fox and the present Lord Hawkesbury, then Mr. Jenkinson, were of the committee, and Mr. Baldwin was chairman. Mackintosh made an elegant speech—as he was going out Mr.——complimented him—but said, "you refine too much, you are too abstracted for the many, you are falling into the beauties and errors of Burke—you do refine too much Mackintosh! Baldwin, to be sure, understood you, I believe I did, and Jenkinson will say he did, but not one of the rest will even pretend to have comprehended you."

When Mr. Burke published his Regicide Peace, Mr. Mackintosh, probably from a just consciousness that no one was so capable of doing it fairly as himself, wrote a Review of that stupendous work, which will be found in the monthly review of that period; and which may safely be held up in competition with any critical writing that has ever appeared. He compleatly dissents from the general principles of the work, but he speaks of it as a composition of literature in a style of high panegyric; in this he seems to have caught some of that luminary's fire, by his approach to him.

Long before this, while Mr. Burke was gradually dying of grief for the loss of his son, he expressed an anxious wish to be acquainted with Mackintosh—and on this occasion, his friends thought it their duty to apprize the latter of it; as no man more enthusiastically admired, and though not personally acquainted with him, loved Burke more than he did. He joyfully accepted the proposal, and spent some days at Beaconsfield, in which intercourse, the good opinion of each was increased, and the reverential affection of Mackintosh was wound up to the highest pitch that can be conceived.

Some time after Mr. Burke's death, Mackintosh was appointed to give Lectures on the Law of Nature and Nations, in Lincoln's Inn; his execution of which was so transcendantly fine, that he was complimented by the learned of all parties. The judges complimented from the bench. Upwards of a hundred Peers and two hundred Commoners it is said, and almost all the men eminent in political law or jurisprudence in London, attended those Lectures. On one of those occasions he quoted Burke, and spoke of him in such a strain of applause and pathetic eloquence, that there was not a person present who was not affected, some even to tears.

Mr. Mackintosh had an offer some time ago of the place of head of a college, about to be founded at Calcutta in the East Indies. But was dissuaded, it is believed, from burying his talents, which promised to be soon an honour and a blessing to his country, in such an obscure situation. Young as he is, some of his maxims have already acquired the dignity of authority; for he has been quoted in the Senate.

Scotland has the honour of giving birth to this gentleman. And the writer of this has some reason for saying, that he believes Mr. Mackintosh is nearly related (in the degree of first cousin) to Mr. Charles Fraser, now at the Havanna.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLEN AND SPONDEE.

I never shall forget the high degree of interest I felt, when at a village school I perused for the first time, Virgil's description of the storm, which overtook Eneas and his associates on their voyage to Italy.

The rushing of the ruder winds, at the summons of Eolus; their exasperation of the sea; the cries of the Trojan mariners; the creaking of cordage; the universal darkness, aggravated by the lightning's glare; thunder rending the poles; instant death menacing the mariner; and all the images of night and horror, presented a tremendous picture to my fancy—

"with *grateful* terrors quell'd."

Not long since, to beguile some of my melancholy and sickly hours, I betook myself to the reading of romances. As I had no very wide choice, I read among some of a better complexion, St. Leon by Godwin. I have sometimes spoken of the strong style of this Jacobin, and have sometimes been struck with the force of his descriptions. The following is a Salvator Rosa sketch of the ravages of a tempest in Switzerland. The effects of sapphire lightning upon Alpine craggs, contrasted with the grim darkness of a "night of clouds" I think are here described with something of the painter's experience, and something of the poet's imagination.

I was wandering as I had often done, with a gloomy and rebellious spirit, among the rocks, a few miles distant from the place of our habitation. It was the middle of summer; the weather had been remarkably fine; but I disdained to allow the gratifications which arise from a pure atmosphere and a serene sky, to find entrance in my soul. My excursions had for some days been incessant; and the sun which matured the corn, and blackened the grapes around, had imbrowned my visage, and boiled in my blood. I drank in fierceness and desperation from the fervor of his beams. One night, as in sullen mood, I watched his setting from a point of the rock; I perceived the clearness of the day subsiding in a threatening evening. The clouds gathered in the west, and as night approached, were overspread with a deep dye of the fiercest crimson. The wind rose; and, during the hours of darkness, its roarings were hollow and tempestuous.

In the morning the clouds were hurried rapidly along, and the air was changed from a long series of sultriness to a nipping cold. This change of the atmosphere I disregarded, and pursued my rambles. A little before noon, however, the air suddenly grew so dark, as to produce a sensation perfectly tremendous. I felt as if the darkest night had never exceeded it. The impetuous motion to which I had been impelled, partly by the fever in my blood, and partly by the turbulence of the season, was suspended. Mechanically, I looked round me for shelter; but I could ill distinguish the objects that were near me, when a flash of lightning, blue and sulphureous, came directly in my face, with a brightness that threatened to extinguish the organ of vision. The thunder that followed was of a length and loudness to admit of no comparison from any object with which I am acquainted. The bursts were so frequent, as almost to confound themselves with each other. At present, I thought only of myself; and the recent habits of my mind were not calculated to make me peculiarly accessible to fear. I stood awe-struck; but rather with the awe that adheres to a cultivated imagination, than that which consists in apprehension. I seemed ready to mount amid the clouds, and penetrate the veil with which nature conceals her operations. I would have plunged into the recesses in which the storm was engendered, and bared my bosom to the streaming fire. Meanwhile, my thoughts were solemnized and fixed, by observing the diversified dance of the lightnings upon the points of the rocks, contrast-

ing as they did in the strongest manner with the darkness in which the rest of the scene was enveloped. This added contention of the elements did not, however, suspend the raging of the wind. Presently, a storm of mingled rain and hail poured from the clouds, and was driven with inconceivable impetuosity. The hail stones were of so astonishing a magnitude, that, before I was aware, I was beaten by them to the ground. Not daring to attempt to rise again, I simply endeavoured to place myself in such a manner, as might best protect me from their violence. I therefore remained prostrate, listening to the force with which they struck upon the earth, and feeling the rebound of their blows from different parts of my body.

In about twenty minutes the shower abated, and in half an hour was entirely over. When I began to move, I was surprised at the sensation of soreness which I felt. I raised myself upon my elbow, and saw the hail stones in some places lying in heaps, like hillocks of ice; while in others they had ploughed up the surface, and buried themselves in the earth. As I looked further, I perceived immense trees torn from their roots, and thrown to a great distance upon the declivity. To the noise which they made in their descent, which must have been astonishingly great, I had been at the time insensible. Such were the marks which the tempest had left upon the mountains—in the plain it was still worse. I could perceive the soil for long spaces together converted into a morass; the standing corn beaten down and buried in the mud; the vines torn into a thousand pieces; the fruit trees demolished; and even in some places, the animals themselves, lambs, sheep, and cows, strewing the fields with their mangled carcasses. The whole hopes of the year over which my eyes had glanced a few minutes before, for it was near the period of harvest, were converted into the most barren and dreary scene that any quarter of the globe ever witnessed. I was mounted upon a considerable eminence, and had an extensive prospect of this horrible devastation.

—

Mr. Gray says somewhere, that Sterne in his sermons appears to be always on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig into the face of his audience. This is an accurate representation of that preacher's levity. But there are graver divines than he, and of high repute in the church, who have indulged themselves in a strain of pulpit jocularity. There are divers "quips and cranks" in some of the old Theologians; and Dr. South, whenever the idea of a presbyterian or a leveller rises in his mind, is quite a punster. He breaks his jests over the heads of freethinkers, as others do their cudgels of controversy. He often rebukes sin with a quibble, and labours to create a laugh among the pious.

—

Mr. MAUNDE, an English gentleman, who has given us the best translation of the rural and pastoral poetry of the Abbe de Lille, has published in the Poetical Register for 1801, the following stanzas, of which the thought in the last is superior to many of the conceits of WALLER.

Gaze not, my friend, on Celia's eye,
Where thousand loves in ambush wait;
Now, whilst thou canst, the danger fly,
Nor dare like me to tempt thy fate.

Those charms I view'd in luckless hour
Awe struck, as Persians at the sun;
My bosom own'd their instant power,
I did but look, and was undone.

So through the air, with winged force
And deadly aim, the bullet flies;
Although unseen its trackless course,
The warrior feels it, and he dies.

I read every memorial of the poet COWPER, with eyes more eager, than those, with which an antiquarian inspects a Runic verse, or an American virtuoso gazes at the huge bones of the Mammoth. In the Poetical Register, the following original sonnet from that poet to Romney, the painter, is preserved. It is worthy of peculiar regard. The unhappy author was on a visit to Mr. Hayley, when the importunity of his friends prevailed on Cowper reluctantly to sit for his picture. The artist exhibited the lineaments of the bard with great spirit; but probably from motives of delicacy and tenderness, avoided giving his face that wild and mournful expression, which his well known mental malady had created. The poet, in the following lines, eminently worthy of his muse, gives the highest praise that the painter can attain, that of giving *character* to his canvas. He then naturally remarks, that no vestiges of grief can be discerned in the picture, and explains it in a manner, at once polite and poetical.——

Romney, expert infallibly to trace
On chart or canvas, not the form alone
And semblance; but; however faintly shewn,
The MIND'S impression too, on every face,

With strokes, that time ought never to erase!
Thou hast so penciled mine that, tho' I own
The subject worthless, I have never known
The artist shining with superior grace:

But this I mark, that symptom none of woe
In thine incomparable work appear:
Well! I am satisfied it should be so,
Since, on maturer thought, the cause is clear.

For in my looks what sorrow could thou see,
While I was Hayley's guest, and sat to thee?

—

It is delightful to attend to the elegant encomium, which one genius, when disposed to extol a brother, is prone to pronounce. When SHERIDAN delivered his five hours speech, on the trial of Warren Hastings, EDMUND BURKE enthusiastically said of his eloquent associate——

He has this day surprised the thousands who hung with rapture on his accents, by such an array of talents, such an exhibition of capacity, such a display of powers, as are unparalleled in the annals of oratory; a display that reflects the highest honour upon himself—lustre upon letters—renown upon parliament—glory to the country. Of all species of rhetoric, of every kind of eloquence that has been witnessed or recorded, either in ancient or modern times; whatever the acuteness of the bar, the dignity of the senate, the solidity of the judgment seat, and the sacred morality of the pulpit, have hitherto furnished, nothing has surpassed, nothing has equalled, what we have this day heard in Westminster Hall. No holy sect of religion, no sage, no statesman, no orator, no man of any literary description whatever, has come up in the one instance to the pure sentiments of morality, or in the other, to that variety of knowledge, force of imagination, propriety and vivacity of allusion, beauty and elegance of diction, strength and copiousness of style, pathos and sublimity of conception, to which we have this day listened with ardour and admiration.

—

The following lines are by Mr. I. H. L. HUNT, *the* boy *bard.*

How sweet to rise, when morn's refulgent hand
Waves o'er the bright'ning sky her magic wand;
How sweet to rise, with manly temperance strong,
And hear the lark begin his quaver'd song;
To view creation smiling as she glows,
And see fresh nature waken from repose!
Boast ye, ye sons of opulence and power
Boast ye, mid all your treasures, such an hour?
Can palsied sloth desert her downy rest,
Or panting asthma lift the unwieldy breast?
Does nightly revel spring to hail the sky,
Or riot wake with animation's eye?

And, ah! when evening's "gradual dusky vale,
Buoys its dark texture on the soften'd gale,
How lov'd yon arbour, where the honied flowers,
Bloom on the air and scent the floating hours.
There when bright Titan sinks behind the hill,
And his last colours paint the village rill;
How joys the eye attentive to the skies,
To step down slowly, as he slowly dies;
While streams of splendour roll along the west,
And mark the limits of his purple vest!
So sinks the man, whose conscience heaven approves,
Whom angels venerate, and virtue loves;
Lamenting honour weeps upon his hearse,
And carves in gold the monumental verse;
While glory beams on Death's retiring gloom,
And, with unfading splendour crowns his tomb.

—

When Lord Chesterfield was in the decline of life, depressed, deaf and desolate, one of his poetical friends addressed him in some complimentary stanzas. After adverting to his fortunate retirement from the bustle of politicks, and the strife of party contention, the poet concludes in a strain of encomium seldom surpassed in delicacy and *finesse* of flattery.

What though thou dost not grace a throne,
Where subjects bend the supple knee;
No other king the muses own,
And science lifts her eye to thee.

Though deafness by a doom severe,
Steals from thy ear the murmuring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air;
Yet deem not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was strung,
Awake to every voice around;
Thy praises by the many sung,
Would stun thee with the choral sound.

—

One of the few modern novelists who indulge us with sound sense, lively wit, and various learning, conveyed in a stile easy and pure, is the author of a book, with the title of "A Piece of Family Biography." He is almost the first novelist, who has appended copious notes to his own text, and after regaling us in every page with his humour in narration of incident and sketches of character, instructs us by his learning, in the margin. He is speaking somewhere of Les Pensees de M. PASCAL, and then adds, in commendation of that excellent moralist, a passage, which I hope will dwell in the mind of the reader.

"In an age of irreligion and infidelity, like the present, this little book cannot be too much read and recommended. If I had any doubts of the birth, death, and resurrection of our Saviour, I do not believe that volumes could subdue them more effectually than this short observation:—"Je crois volontiers les histoires, dont les temoins se font egorger." *I willingly believe those histories, whose witnesses suffered death in supporting the truth of their testimony.*

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

From the American Review and Literary Journal, a respectable periodical work published at New-York.

[The following criticism upon the last and, perhaps, the most splendid of the orations of Mr. J. Q. ADAMS, we gratefully derive from the only Literary Journal in our country. We think that the reviewers might easily have made a more copious selection of the brilliant passages in this eloquent pamphlet, which often rises to the dignity of historical disquisition, and never sinks to insipid narrative, and never swells with the tumidity of our vulgar harrangues. It is *toto cœlo* different from most of those holiday speeches, the reading or the hearing of which has been a source of mortification or merriment to the Editor. We cordially concur in the wish, uttered by the critics, in their first paragraph, and in the opinion expressed in the last.]

Art. XXIV. An Oration, delivered at Plymouth December 22, 1802, at the Anniversary Commemoration of the first landing of our ancestors at that place. By JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. 8vo. pp. 31. Boston. Russell and Cutler. 1802.

In our Review* of a similar performance of Mr. Adams, we had occasion to express our approbation of his talents. The present Oration

* Vol. 2. page 173.

has served to confirm the opinion we entertain of his literary merit, and we shall be happy hereafter to witness, on subjects of greater magnitude and more durable interest, a display of those stores of learning and knowledge, which we believe him to possess.

The institution of this annual festival of the descendants of the first colonists of Massachusetts, owes its origin, we are told, to the late Dr. Belknap, the historian of New-Hampshire. The design is worthy of its patriotic and venerable author. Nothing can tend more to invigorate the generous feelings of our nature, than the habitual recollection of the virtues, the sufferings, and constancy of those, from whom we derive our birth.

In the following passage Mr. Adams, with pleasing animation, asserts the superior claims of the founders of New-England to the respect and gratitude of their posterity.

"In reverting to the period of their origin, other nations have generally been compelled to plunge into the chaos of impenetrable antiquity, or to trace a lawless ancestry into the caverns of ravishers and robbers. It is your peculiar privilege to commemorate, in this birth-day of your nation, an event ascertained in its minutest details: an event of which the principal actors are known to you familiarly as if belonging to your own age: an event of a magnitude before which imagination shrinks at the imperfection of her powers. It is your further happiness to behold in those eminent characters who were most conspicuous in accomplishing the settlement of your country, men upon whose virtues you can dwell with honest exultation. The founders of your race are not handed down to you, like the father of the Roman people, as the sucklings of a wolf. You are not descended from a nauseous compound of fanaticism and sensuality, whose only argument was the sword, and whose only paradise was a brothel. No Gothic scourge of God—No Vandal pest of nations—No fabled fugitive from the flames of Troy—No bastard Norman tyrant appears among the list of worthies who first landed on the rock, which your veneration has preserved as a lasting monument of their achievement. The great actors of the day we now solemnize were illustrious by their intrepid valour no less than by their Christian graces; but the clarion of conquest has not blazoned forth their names to all the winds of Heaven. Their glory has not been wafted over oceans of blood to the remotest regions of the earth. They have not erected to themselves colossal statues, upon pedestals of human bones, to provoke and insult the tardy hand of heavenly retribution. But theirs was 'the better fortitude of patience and heroic martyrdom.' Theirs was the gentle temper of Christian kindness—the rigorous observance of reciprocal justice—the unconquerable soul of conscious integrity. Worldly Fame has been parsimonious of her favours to the memory of those generous champions. Their numbers were small—their stations in life obscure—the object of their enterprise unostentatious—the theatre of their exploits remote: how could they possibly be favourites of wordly Fame? That common crier, whose existence is only known by the assemblage of multitudes—that pander of wealth and greatness, so eager to haunt the palaces of fortune, and so fastidious to the houseless dignity of virtue—that parasite of pride, ever scornful to meekness, and ever obsequious to insolent power—that heedless trumpeter, whose ears are deaf to modest merit, and whose eyes are blind to bloodless distant excellence.

"When the persecuted companions of Robinson, exiles from their native land, anxiously sued for the privilege of removing a thousand leagues more distant to an untried soil, a rigorous climate, and a savage wilderness, for the sake of reconciling their sense of religious duty with their affections for their country, few, perhaps none of them, formed a conception of what would be, within two centuries, the result of their undertaking. When the jealous and niggardly policy of their British sovereign denied them even that humblest of requests, and, instead of liberty, would barely consent to promise connivance, neither he nor they might be aware that they were laying the foundation of a power, and that he was sowing the seeds of a spirit, which, in less than two hundred years, would stagger the throne of his descendants, and shake his united kingdoms to the centre. So far is it from the ordinary habits of mankind to calculate the importance of events in their elementary principles, that had the first colonists of our country ever intimated, as a part of their designs, the project of founding a great and mighty nation, the finger of scorn would have pointed them to the cells of bedlam, as an abode more suitable for hatching vain empires than the solitude of a transatlantic desert."

With a pious and not mistaken zeal, Mr. A. vindicates the conduct of his ancestors, in relation to the aboriginal inhabitants, and to their own dissenting brethren. Another extract will be sufficient to show Mr. A.'s manner of writing.

"No European settlement, ever formed upon this continent, has been more distinguished for undeviating kindness and equity towards the savages. There are, indeed, moralists, who have questioned the right of the Europeans to intrude upon the possessions of the aboriginals in any case, and under any limitations whatsoever. But have they maturely considered the whole subject? The Indian right of possession itself stands, with regard to the greatest part of the country, upon a questionable foundation. Their cultivated fields; their constructed habitations; a space of ample sufficiency for their subsistence, and whatever they had annexed to themselves by personal labour, was undoubtedly by the laws of nature theirs. But what is the right of a huntsman to the forest of a thousand miles, over which he has accidentally ranged in quest of prey? Shall the liberal bounties of Providence to the race of man be monopolized by one of ten thousand for whom they were created? Shall the exuberant bosom of the common mother, amply adequate to the nourishment of millions, be claimed exclusively by a few hundreds of her offspring? Shall the lordly savage not only disdain the virtues and enjoyments of civilization himself, but shall he controul the civilization of a world? Shall he forbid the wilderness to blossom like the rose? Shall he forbid the oaks of the forest to fall before the axe of industry, and rise again transformed into the habitations of ease and elegance? Shall he doom an immense region of the globe to perpetual desolation, and to hear the howlings of the wolf silence forever the voice of human gladness? Shall the fields and the vallies, which a beneficent God has formed to teem with the life of innumerable multitudes, be condemned to everlasting barrenness? Shall the mighty rivers, poured out by the hands of nature, as channels of communication between numerous nations, roll their waters in sullen silence and eternal solitude to the deep? Have hundreds of commodious harbours, a thousand leagues of coast, and a boundless ocean been spread in the front of this land, and shall every purpose of utility to which they could apply be prohibited by the tenant of the woods? No, generous philanthropists! Heaven has not been thus inconsistent in the works of its hands! Heaven has not thus placed at irreconcileable strife, its moral laws with its physical creation! The pilgrims of Plymouth obtained their right of possession to the territory on which they settled, by titles as fair and unequivocal as any human property can be held. By their voluntary association they recognized their allegiance to the government of Britain; and, in process of time, received whatever powers and authorities could be conferred upon them by a Charter from their Sovereign. The spot on which they fixed had belonged to an Indian tribe, totally extirpated by that devouring pestilence which had swept the country, shortly before their arrival. The territory, thus free from all exclusive possession, they might have taken by the natural right of occupancy. Desirous, however, of giving ample satisfaction to every pretence of prior right, by formal and solemn conventions with the chiefs of the neighbouring tribes, they acquired the further security of a purchase. At their hands the children of the desert had no cause of complaint. On the great day of retribution, what thousands, what millions of the American race will appear at the bar of judgment to arraign their European invading conquerors! Let us humbly hope that the fathers of the Plymouth Colony will then appear in the whiteness of innocence. Let us indulge the belief that they will not only be free from all accusations of injustice to these unfortunate sons of nature, but that the testimonials of their acts of kindness and benevolence towards them will plead their cause by their virtues as they are now authenticated by the records of historyupon earth."

This Oration discovers taste, information, and reflection. The topics are pertinent and well selected, the arrangement is judicious, the illustrations pleasing, and the language forcible and correct.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[This article is inserted in the Port Folio, with the double design—first, of exhibiting to the reading portion of the American community, one of the most liberal plans of a diurnal paper that was ever conceived; and, secondly, of indicating to the book-sellers in this country the only method which will prove at once practicable and sure of success, in establishing a Monthly Magazine, or a Literary and Scientific Journal.]

Prospectus of two new Daily Papers, which were published in London on the 1st January, 1803; the one, a morning paper, entitled the British Press: the other an evening print, entitled the Globe; or Literary Advertiser.

In proposing this new establishment, it is not the intention of the Booksellers of London, by whom it is undertaken, to assert any arrogant claims of rivalship, or to invade any property, that may be already established by public favour. If what is now offered had professed merely to give a wider diffusion to political intelligence, or to serve the other accustomed purposes of a newspaper, it would have been difficult to prove that it was necessary, or to question whether, for all useful objects, the channels of such intelligence were not sufficiently wide. The Proprietors of The British Press, and The Globe or Literary Advertiser, however, flatter themselves that the chief part of their plan is entirely new, and highly expedient. It has long been in contemplation, and is loudly called for by the extensive and increasing interests of Literature.

It is not objected here, that other periodical Papers and Journals have been wholly inattentive to the concerns of the learned world; but, from the nature of their plans, they have been able to allot but a part, and experience has too often proved, a very insufficient part, to objects of this kind. Even advertisements of books, so indispensable to the proper publication of every work, and of which an early insertion is in many cases equally indispensable, have been detained from

the public eye until they have become in a great measure useless, and, either from neglect or necessity, have been placed in obscure corners, and often mixed with notices scarcely fit for publication.

An establishment, therefore, of this nature, the primary object of which is Literature in all its various branches and relations, has been long a *desideratum*, and it is presumed that it could not have been undertaken with more propriety, and with more reasonable hopes of success, that by the Booksellers of London, who, deeply interested in whatever concerns learning and learned men, and connected immediately or remotely with the *literati* of the whole kingdom, must naturally be the sources of every information respecting them which can be demanded by public curiosity. If, as has been generally acknowledged, they are now the principal patrons of learning, they may consistently hope, that a plan will be favourably received, the chief aim of which is to extend that patronage, by giving additional celebrity to the writings with which they may be intrusted, and by removing many obstacles which at present impede the mutual advantages of Author and Publisher, lessen the value of Copyright, and must ultimately repress Genius, by weakening its resources.

To accomplish these purposes, it has long been thought, by every person acquainted with the subject, that a Paper or Papers of the kind now offered, may be so conducted as to embrace all the concerns of Literature, and supply the reader with regular and authentic information of the state of Science and of the Fine Arts, not only in our own country, but, by an extensive correspondence, in every other country where literature is cultivated. The British Press, and The Globe or Literary Advertiser, will, in the first instance, contain the earliest Advertisements of all Books published in the Metropolis, or imported for publication, together with notices of intended publications, and new editions; early and accute analyses of literary Works, foreign or domestic; accounts of the purchase, sale, or dispersion of curious and valuable libraries; articles of history, so much the subject of rational inquiry and conversation, and anecdotes of living characters whose eminence has attracted general curiosity; sketches of improvements in every branch of science, and those many other interesting particulars respecting the state of knowledge and the efforts of genius, which can seldom be communicated with such precision and authenticity as may be effected from the parties concerned in this undertaking.

Notwithstanding it is thus avowed that The British Press, and The Globe or Literary Advertiser, will be devoted principally to the objects enumerated, it is the intention of the Proprietors that they shall, in their other departments, maintain a rank as distinguished as any other newspapers, by containing the usual portion of intelligence relative to all other interesting subjects. The earliest and most authentic foreign information, the debates in parliament, law reports, and the numerous other topics which constitute a newspaper, will be detailed with all possible fidelity, and to an extent proportioned to their importance. For this purpose engagements have been formed with men of ability and information, capable of arranging these departments into regular and authentic records of the times. And while the Proprietors, from their extensive connections in every part of the kingdom, flatter themselves that The British Press, and The Globe or Literary Advertiser, shall soon obtain such a circulation as will render them most eligible vehicles for advertisements, they beg leave to observe, that no species of advertisements will be excluded, except the indecent and nauseous addresses of quackery and imposture, which have too long disgraced the pages of our most respectable papers. Periodical writers can never appear to more advantage than when they assume the guardianship of public morals; and however confined their influence may be, they can at least reject any insult to public decency.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It was once said of a preacher of indifferent character, but who had a most pathetic delivery, joined to consummate knowledge of the passions, that he made *others weep*—for *his* sins.

—

Miss Hatfield has published letters on the importance of the Female Sex, with observations on their manners and education.

—

Women of gallantry are like torrents, which often change their *beds*, and *increase* in their course.

—

A French nobleman, conscious of the prevalent rage for face painting in Paris, whenever he saw a woman, used to inquire, "Is this the original, or the copy."

—

Some of our fashionable *nudes*, dress as if their clothes were made to sell the body, rather than to cover it.

—

A book, in which many bad things are found for one good one, is like a country, where we traverse a hundred thickets to obtain a rose.

—

A young man, about to marry a lady of equivocal reputation, was told, that he ought to consult his ears as well as his eyes.

—

Diogenes held out his hand to a statue, to accustom himself to be refused.

—

If laws be the rampart of liberty, our American code is certainly not very strong, and our liberty is very miserably defended.

—

The last Leipsic fair, was attended by upwards of 13,000 Jews.

—

The denunciations of Duane against the best and chief men of his own party remind one of a certain cobler, who threatened to *depose* an Emperor, because he would not employ our Crispin to mend his sole.

—

La Lande, the French astronomer, who has fallen a victim to the epidemic disorder prevailing at Paris, was justly esteemed the first mathematician and astronomer of the present age. Although his labours in those sciences did not display so much originality as the works of d'Alembert and M. de la Caille, yet they were infinitely more useful to society.—La Lande did not consume his time in the fruitless though amusing investigation of imaginary curve lines, nor entertain the world with speculations on those parts of astronomy, not immediately connected with the advancement of navigation and commerce. Thirty years of his life were employed in constructing astronomical tables, from observations of his own, and in perfecting those of others. His history and system of astronomy is the best which has yet been published. The original work is in three volumes quarto; but there is an excellent abridgement of it by La Lande himself in one volume octavo. Both the works are translated into most of the languages of Europe, except into English. This reflects little to the honour of the booksellers, who make it their business to impose upon the public, translations of all the Parisian novels, which are in general, only replete with vice and folly. It were to be wished also, that in the United States, where so much encouragement is given to the lighter species of literature, more attention was paid to those branches which are scientific and useful. How much more meritorious would it be, in our booksellers, to circulate the works of La Lande, than the Monk of Lewis, with his Tales of Wonder and Tales of Terror.

[*Virginia Gazette.*

THE OLLA, No. VIII.

An author composed a tragedy, and sent it to Voltaire for revision. He read it, and said the difficulty of composing such a tragedy as this, is not so great as that of giving an answer to its author.

A laconic Letter laconically answered.

A young man wrote to his father, that he would not any longer continue his studies at Paris, and that he was disposed to return into the country. The angry father writes, "Son, if you dare return, I'll instantly blow your brains out." The son replies, "Father, load your pistols, for I am just going to set out.

Anintoxicated subaltern met his general, who was going round the encampment, and laying hold of the bridle of his horse, asked him the value of his horse. The general, perceiving his condition, had him taken to a house and put to bed. Next morning, the general asked him how much he would give for the horse. Our *sobered* subaltern replied, "Sir, the merchant who yesterday eve was disposed to purchase your horse, *went off early this morning.*"

A woman's toilet is an altar, erected by self-love to vanity.

The life of most women is a comedy in three acts: The first is devoted to love; the second to pleasure; and the third to devotion.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

ASMODEO is again thanked for his communications. We have been particularly pleased with the letter from "Bob Buntline," and the translations of Persic poetry. When his object is political sarcasm, let him transmit it to the Editor as an article of "Levity," and whenever he expatiates in the various walks of Polite Literature, let him digest the result of his researches in the form of letters to S. Saunter.

The ingenious favours of young students, and men of letters, shall never be superciliously neglected.

FLORIAN, who has obliged us with one of the most elegant papers in the Lounger, is invited to take a seat at Mr. Saunter's table.

LORENZO appears to have a better ear than many of the youthful poets, who sing for the Port Folio.

Authors and Publishers, who wish to have their books announced or criticised, in this paper, and send the Editor long advertisements and schemes of publication for *their* interest, are notified that, in the Editor's opinion, it is just that they should have some regard for *his interest*, and remunerate him and his Publisher for trouble and expense incurred.

C. will perceive that we have promptly inserted his elegant letter. We entreat his farther correspondence. Whenever he is disposed to describe foreign manners, or foreign scenery, we will always give a cheerful admission to his accurate and vivid sketches.

Under the head of "Original Correspondence," a series of very valuable and interesting letters will soon appear.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE FLIGHT OF A BIRD FROM A RETIRED PATH.

Seek not, sweet bird! yon distant spray,
I come not with unhallowed feet,
To scare thee, from the woods, away,
Or desolate thy sylvan seat—
'Tis man alone, whose steps invade
The shelter'd vale and peaceful glade.

'Tis *sovereign* man, who dares invade,
With hostile views, the woods among,
And in the midst of solitude,
(Reckless of thy tuneful song)
Wounds thy timid flutt'ring breast,
And desolates thy downy nest.

Ah! fly not from thy native home,
Gay warbler of the vernal grove!
Guileless, and free, the muses roam,
To emulate thy song of love.
Trust Eliza, gentle bird!
'Twas the rustling leaves that stirr'd.

Lo! where the sportive zephyrs brush,
The vales and meads with trembling wing!
Where the fair dawn with vermeil blush,
Salutes the tardy hour of spring—
Gay Fancy, carols notes of glee,
Or joins the choral lay with thee.

Tho' Spring unfolds its blooming store,
And with profusion decks the plain—
If freedom's grateful boon is o'er,
The seasons smile, alas! in vain—
Then come, sweet bird, resume thy lay,
And fearless, trim thy plumage gay.

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF ——— ON HIS BIRTHDAY-ANNIVERSARY.

While Flora's bloom, in rich perfume,
Is wafted through the ambient air,
Fair Friendship weaves, of myrtle leaves,
Her simple wreath to bind thy hair.

The sparkling ray, and festive lay,
That waked my brother's natal morn;
With Spring's first glow, bade roses blow,
And vernal sweets his path adorn.

With spreading sail, and prosperous gale,
His freighted bark securely rides;
Advent'rous, braves the rolling waves.
And fearless stems the swelling tides.

Utopian schemes, inspire his dreams,
And youth unfolds its dazzling store,
Rude tempests sleep, while zephyr's sweep
The refluent surge and trackless shore.

Ah! who can tell, the magic spell,
That Pleasure's silent voice imparts?
The golden sands, and fairy lands,
Which captivate unwary hearts.

Tho' fortune smiles, and hope beguiles,
And love (in soft presage) is given;
The glittering coast, with pearls emboss'd,
Is distant from the peaceful haven.

If Fancy roves, in choral groves,
And clouds arise, and tempests blow;
Let Wisdom's hand, pervade the strand,
Where rocks emerge, and waters flow.

Whilst Science charms, and truth informs,
And Virtue points her burnished ray;
The sacred star, that gleams afar,
Shall hail thy blissful natal day.

[The following exquisite Parody of one of the finest lyrics in our language we believe is the production of Dr. LADD, late of Charleston, S. C. In this species of ludicrous composition, the poetical mimic is generally too servile, in aping the original. But this remark is inapplicable to the poem before us. It displays a very humourous vein of invention, and is of a character superior to the mass of ephemeral productions.]

PARODY

ON DR. WATTS' "INDIAN PHILOSOPHER."

Why should our shoes so soon grow old?
Why should the hide with which they're sol'd,
Be worn and out of date?
Crispin! 'tis strange the thread that sews
Millions of coats, should leave our shoes
In such a ragged state!

In vain I sought the secret cause—
Look'd in the leather for its flaws—
The tanner curs'd in vain;
Stept into shops where shoes were made—
Saw artists hourly ply the trade;
But none would this explain.

Then t'ward the West, and cross the street,
Where folks at tall St Michael's meet,
I hurried vex'd in mind.
Till, on the bank of Ashley's flood,
On soil of marsh I sighing stood,
For tanning use design'd.

Not far from thence, a Cobler's son
Stood by his hides and thus begun,
With aspect dull and sad;
Thrice he came o'er the lazy stream.
The faults of shoes was all his theme,
For many a fault they had

He said, the spacious ample hide,
That doth for all our hoofs provide,
No thinking man could blame:
Since shaped into so many soles,
Some would have flaws, and some have holes,
To blast the Cobler's fame.

The artist wise who shap'd the shoe,
One hide from every creature drew:
And scrap'd that hide with care:
This is an honest skin he said;
Then he resolv'd to try his trade,
And make a handsome pair.

Soon as the hide had left the vat,
And lodg'd aloft, a hungry rat
Attack'd it, teeth and claws,
Ah! cruel change and ragged fate;
He gnaw'd it early—gnaw'd it late—
Starvation has no laws.

Happy the man who finds a shoe
That's to his expectation true—
One real good below;
But, oh, the croud of wretched wights,
That travel barefoot these dark nights,
And wound the bleeding toe!

Thus sung the Cobler's hopeful son:
I found, at length, his song was done,
And thought his reasoning true.
Sure then, cry'd I, ere I agree
For those cur'd shoes you mean for me,
I will go barefoot too.

Some happier Crispin tell me where—
What other shop affords a pair—
Where better work is found,
Swift as on Quixote's steed of old,
I'll fly to get my boots new sol'd,
And wear them tight and sound.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Possibly not the versatility of Horace's talents, nor the variety of his subjects, the harmony of his numbers, nor even the felicity of his expression will so fully account for the partiality he has experienced from every age of literature, as that character of his writings which applies more peculiarly to our feelings than to our taste—We mean the interesting frankness of his manners, the unaffected suavity of his temper, and the honest sensibility of his heart. These qualities so far as we may judge of the *man* from the writer, he appears to have eminently possessed. He has, perhaps, above all poets, the engaging faculty of communicating his own temper to his readers. We enjoy his pleasures, we enter into his societies, we feel his attachments, we sympathise in his regrets. What reader of a social disposition does not sit with him under his vine, and partake of his generous, but temperate festivity? What reader of an elegant turn of mind does not become a party in that assemblage of agreeable and amiable characters described as his friends? What reader of generous principles does not feel in himself a portion of that gratitude, so affectionately expressed towards the great patron of Roman genius, who, by fostering the first literary talents of his own age, has contributed so largely to the delight and instruction of posterity.]

THE FIRST ODE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE, TRANSLATED BY W. BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

Sprung from great kings of ancient name,
Mæcenas, guardian of my fame,
There are whom it delights to grace
With dusty car the Olympic race,
Whose wheels that kindle as they roll,
Just sweeping round the dangerous goal,
And laurel crowns display their worth,
Fam'd as the Gods that rule the earth;
The man, of growing titles proud,
Exalted by the changeful crowd;
Him, whose full stores inclose the grain,
Wafted from Lybia's blest domain;
Him, who the humble sickle wields,
And crops his lov'd paternal fields,
No wealth can tempt to spread the sail,
Mount the tall ship or brave the gale;
The affrighted merchant, safe on shore,
Whilst yet the winds impetuous roar;
Whilst yet the struggling waters foam,
Loves the dear quiet of his home;
But soon, with bark refitted steers,
Want is the only death he fears;
Some to the jocund cups incline,
That flow with ancient Massic wine,
Steal from the day some vacant hours,
Reclined within their verdant bowers,
Or on the fountain's brink repose,
From whence some sacred riv'let flows.
Others in martial camps rejoice,
The trump and clarion's mingled voice,
And war, whose ever dreaded dart,
Alarms the fond maternal heart.
The wearied hunter braves the skies,
His gentle bride neglected lies,
Whilst on the plains his hounds pursue,
The hind just started in their view,
Or marsick boar his labour foils
And bursts his slight opposing toils,
The ivy's sacred wreaths bestow'd
On learning raise to Heaven's abode.
Me the cool grove, the sylvan choir
Of nymphs and gentle fawns inspire
Above the crowd; unless in vain
Euterpe tune the Lesbian strain,
But should thy choice insert my name
'Mongst lyric bards enroll'd by fame,
Thence shall sublimer hopes arise
Thy praise shall waft me to the skies.

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